

March
Numbers
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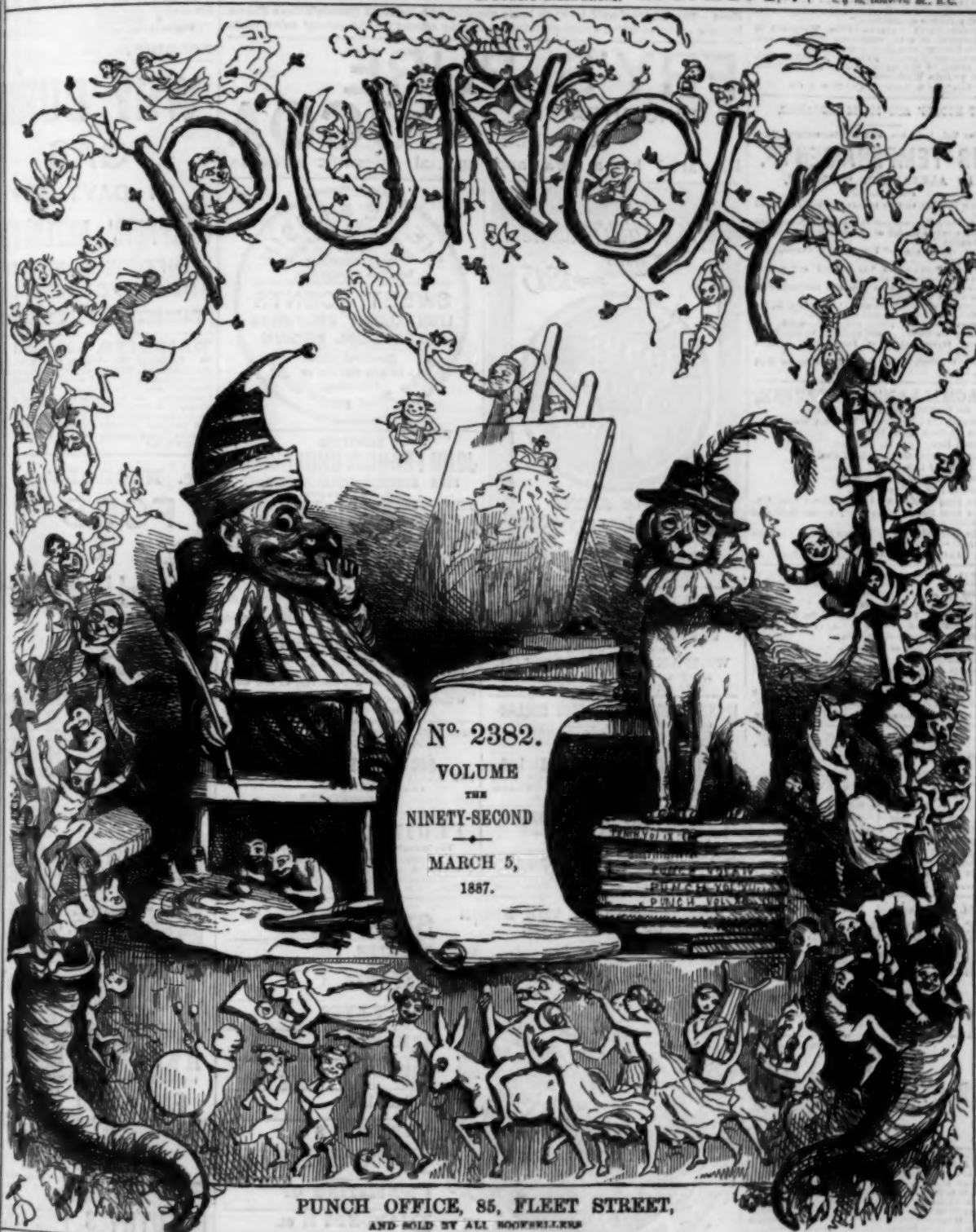
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MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

NOTHING, as is well known, renders a young man (or for the matter of that, a young woman) so deservedly beloved as the practice of repeating in public, a poem of respectable proportions. Unfortunately the dearth of really effective pieces for recitation obliges many Reciters to repeat themselves as often as their poems, and it is with a desire to remedy this inconvenience, that Mr. Punch has commissioned one of his stud of poets (who has been eating his head off for months) to knock him off a few sweet little things, which would be likely to "tell" in a drawing-room.



One of these productions is given here, with a few simple directions by the author, for which there will be no additional charge.

It is a fine example in the Infantine Pathos vein, and is calculated to moisten the temperature of almost any room, provided that the instructions are religiously followed. It is particularly recommended to unmarried ladies under forty with tears in their voices, and to small children with any genius for sentiment.

The Reciter is supposed, then, to be on the hearth-rug, facing the audience. You wait for the buzz to subside with your eyes modestly cast down, and then, as if it had just occurred to you, you raise them suddenly and say, distinctly but somewhat apologetically, "Filial little Frank!" That is the title, of course, and now, after a short pause, you're off, remembering to counterfeit the accents of a very young child in the first line:—

"Mummy, where's Popsy gone to? I want him so!" said the child, With his angel-face, and his clustering curls, and his eyes so blue and so mild. (This is the description of the child—not of "Popsy," and should be spoken in your natural tone.)

"For many a day, has he been away, and the very last time he was seen, Was by MARY ANN, when he left in the van, that was sent for him by the QUEEN!"

(Raise your voice at "Queen" with a touch of innocent delight at the condescension. For the next Stanza you should adopt a passionate tremolo.)

Can the Mother inform her darling, that the parent he thus deplores, Has been charged with pocketing pickles at the Army and Navy Stores? He was somewhat inclined to absence of mind—which might have accounted for that, (Change again here to a grieved solemnity.)

But not for the jar of preserved caviare, and the collared brawn in his hat! (Now you are to personate the Mother and her suppressed emotion—you can do this either by rolling your eyes, or twisting your handkerchief.)

"Oh, hush, my own little FRANKIE! Popsy's Her Majesty's Guest, And, while she desires his attendance, he's bound to obey her behest." (Now the child again; with a slow smile of dawning intelligence—you may find this difficult—practise it.)

"Then, if I do as he, will the QUEEN invite me, to go to Papa and her Palace see?" (Bend your head here in choked resignation.) And the Mother sighs "Yes,"—for she dare not confess the assumption is based on a fallacy!

(Slight pause; continue in brisker vein as narrator.) But mystified FRANKIE pondered—What had his father done To deserve such an invitation? he questioned many a one;

And from all he heard, the child inferred—if he stoned a suburban train, Or did anything naughty, then, if he was caught, he would soon see his Popsy again! (Brisker still for next Stanza.)

So he wandered down to the railway, and there, on the platform, he came To a curious kind of contrivance—I can't remember its name. (This with a fine carelessness—fine carelessness is attained by jerking the left hand.)

But there is a slit in the middle of it, and when you've inserted your coin, Some toffee you get, or a mild cigarette—whichever you experience joy in. (Work up the next Stanza to climax of excitement.)

Here was the means before him of rejoining his parent at last! And the thought made his eyes shine brighter, and his breath come thick and fast:

'Twas a desperate feat such an engine to cheat,—but the prize! he had centred his soul in it.

He'd a long piece of string, and—most fortunate thing—a penny possessing a hole in it! (Here you go back to your quieter style.)

Well; he fastened the string to his penny, and again and again it dropped, Till the toffee was all exhausted—and then the machinery stopped. And the fraud was perceived—but the child was relieved, having never intended to cadge his treat.

But B. 32, said, "I'd recommend you to reserve your remarks for the Magistrit!" (Now comes your great chance; raise your right fore-finger and lower your voice. Speak rather in sorrow than in anger.)

Alas, for his childish fancies! the Bench was cruel and cold, It did not believe little FRANKIE and the artless tale that he told! His high-minded deed was put down to the greed of a little unprincipled urehin, And a certain official, directed to swish all, was ordered to bring a new birch in!

(You finish with a rapt expression—as of one who sees a vision in the chandelier.) So FRANKIE failed, for they sent him home—but will it be always thus? Ah, no! he, too, will be fetched one day in the royal omnibus:

And a cry of joy from the radiant boy, will echo in Holloway yard,

(Child's voice again, with a tender exaltation.)

"Oh, Popsy see . . . it is really me! I am in for a fortnight's 'hard!'"

If a young lady of even moderate talent does not sit down in a sea of congratulation after this, Mr. Punch's poet is not the great pathetic writer he fondly imagines himself—which is absurd.

WHAT with the hideous public-house left standing at an adjacent corner, the steps at St. Martin's Church unremoved, and the unsightly blank displayed at the rear of the National Gallery, the Authorities seem inclined to make a pretty piece of patchwork of Hemming's Row; but it is to be hoped Mr. WHITMORE will not let go the thread of the discussion he introduced on Thursday last. Dealing with such a central and suggestive locality as Hemming's Row, the First Commissioner should be reminded of the proverbial "stitch in time," and take it without further delay.

BACCHUS IN IOWA.

A true lay of to-day, full of comfort for Sir Wulfred and his merry men.

"HILLO!" says SILENUS to BACCHUS one day, "I vote we skedaddle out Iowa way. A teetotal place? Ah, my boy, what of that? They'll dodge any law who're in love with your vat. The artists all paint us two gods of the bottle. Each squeezing a cluster of grapes down his throttle. Of course we were ne'er such a couple of noddies. The juice of the grape never entered our bodies, Until by fermenting, for tipping made good, And a life of long years in the goatskin or wood; But these Iowa toppers have hit on a plan Which I think you will own is a topper, old man. To dodge the harsh law that prohibits strong drink, They make grapes—indiarubber—and what do you think? Why they fill them, oh, not with crude juice of the vine, But with genuine full-bodied, odorous Wine! They sell these in bunches and boxes, you see, And a bibulous soul, on the strictest Q. T., Can take them about like his weed or his grub, And so be independent of wine-shop or pub." That's something like grape-sucking. So I propose— But already the god of the rubicund nose Was off to the West, followed close by SILENUS, They've not dropped a line, but I fancy, between us, That in Iowa, where though the Law makes a crime of it, Men tope, they are having a capital time of it.

* Vide St. James's Gazette, February 25.

ORIGIN OF TITLES.

According to D. Orambo, Junier.

DUKES.



Beau fought.

Ead in burrow.



'Ab'er corn!

Well linked 'un.

THE JOLLY COMMISSIONERS.

(As it might have been. To be sung to a well-known Chant.)

THERE were some Commissioners of Northern
Lighthouses *(bis)*,
Who took a boat and went to sea,
Who took a boat to see what they could see.

There was Gorging JACK and Guzzling JIMMY
(bis),
With others, who ran up a little bill-ee
At the Waterko, Grieve's Hostelree.

They went to inspect Lighthouses and Light-
ships *(bis)*,
All round the Scottish coast, N.B.
A very pleasant trip it was, N.B.

Says Gorging JACK to Guzzling JIMMY
(bis),
"What shall we do if we're hunge-ree?
Which will happen very probablee."

"Oh, ain't we going to drink and eat too
(bis),
When Lighthouses we come to see?
Oh, this air gives such an appe-ti-tee."

Says Guzzling JIM to Gorging JACKY
(bis),
"O Gorging JACK, what a fool you be.
Let's store the boats provisionallee."

With dinners and dessert and Amontillado (*bis*),
And Chamberlain they loaded she,
With Sixty-four Lattée they loaded she.
Likewise with Seventy-four Pommery and Greno,
To which not one of us here would say no—
With GINLEK's Superior, and Ma-de-ree,
With Port three bottles, and Liqueur Brandee.

They'd Steinberg Cabinet of Sixty-Eight too,
And other wines which were all first-rate too,
Says GURZLING JIM unto JACKER,
"Oh, what a lot of Lighthouses I see!

"But they all appear mos' dre'fully shaky,
The Lighthouses appear mos' horr'ibly shaky!
It's very forch-nate that we came to see.
Thesh Lighthousesah are not standee.

"I think the Lighthouses have been drink-
ing (*bis*). [*kee! (bis)*].
They have been taking too much whis-

"Look at the lightah how they're revolv-
ing (*bis*).
I don't think they're working properlee,
The Board of Trade must hear of this from We."

Before they finiahed their Waterloo Ban-
quet (*bis*).
They drank the health of her Majestee,
And they drank the Royal Jubilee.

Andas for their little Bill (who paid it?) (*bis*),
It's being examined by a Com-mit-tee (*bis*).

When next they want Lighthouse Commis-
sioners (*bis*),
To examine the Scottish Coast, N.B.

Of candidates what crowds there'll be!!

TOBACCO CULTIVATION IN ENGLAND.—
Farmers have to sign a statutory declara-
tion before they can commence this new
industry. Fancy an English agriculturist
compelled to obtain the permission of Govern-
ment in order to let weeds grow in his garden!

PUNCH TO JOHN BRIGHT.

"I will speak daggers, but will use none."

FRIEND JOHN, so hot against the soldier's
steel,

E'en when 'tis wielded fairly, can't not feel
That words are sometimes daggers, that
their thrust,

Foully delivered, in a cause unjust,
Is mere assassin's work, not the brave stroke
Of men in open contest? When you spoke
Words lightly measured, yet of lethal power,
Against the men you're all too prone to
dower

With devil attributes, did you not know
Hundreds of gallant hearts would feel the
blow [*thrust?*]

Worse than the tameless Arab's treacherous
Shame, JOHN! Word-blows, like sword-
strokes, should be just.

Else they befit the platform bravo, not
The old man eloquent. Falsely to blot
War's panoply, bespatter the poor rag, [flag,
Steel-shorn, shot-riddled, that was once a
In whose defence dead heroes gladly died,
Is not a task to move a man to pride,
Nor can it help the noble cause of Peace.
The white flag, JOHN, may bid all battle
cease,

Not the white feather! In defence of right,
Despite your dogmas, men perforce must
fight, [*care,*]

With swords as well as words; be it their
With either, to heed honour, and fight fair.
You would "speak daggers" only; be it so;
But a word-stab may be a felon blow.



HAPPY THOUGHT!

A LONG SHOT AT THE FUTURE.

"THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE at the meeting of the National Rifle Association, called attention to the danger to tenants of property adjoining the Wimbledon Butts, in consequence of the long range of modern rifle-bullets."—*Daily Paper*.

SCENE—The Interior of a Villa Residence in a secluded part of the Isle of Wight. Domestic circle discovered assembled at lunch.

Paterfamilias. I have brought down the *Times* to read—(the paper is suddenly torn from his hand and carried through the window with a crash.) Hallo! What's this!

Superstitious Spinster. Brother, I have always told you that this place is haunted! The incident has unnerved me. Nephew, I think I will take another glass of sherry.

Youngster. All right, Auntie!

[Raises decanter to pour out wine, when both bottle and glass are knocked to pieces.

Materfamilias. How careless of you, CHARLEY! Have I not told you a hundred times that— [The chandelier comes down with a run.

Schoolgirl. Oh, Mamma, what can be the matter? The poor canary is lying on its side, with a hole through the wire of its cage!

Paterfamilias. Dear me! Well, this is very strange! (Suddenly looking at heading of paper.) Why, to be sure! How thoughtless I am! I did not notice the date. Why, of course this is the first day of the Volunteers at Wimbledon. We had better take our plates as usual downstairs, my dears, and eat our luncheon in the cellars!

[The family act upon the suggestion.

"CHICKEN AND CHAMPAGNE."—We have received a card from a certain firm of Restaurateurs, whose name we shall not mention, in this form:—

"OPUS OPTIMUM PROBAT."

"Messrs. — present their compliments to the Editor of *Punch*, and request his company at the Restaurant, on — day next, the — inst., at two P.M., when they propose to take his opinion on the alterations, decorations, and improvements which they have introduced into their establishment."

We will give them our opinion of one improvement and alteration they can make in their future arrangements, and that is,—not to send out these press-ing invitations.

AN ARTISTIC FAMILY IN STRUGGLING CIRCUMSTANCES.—The Laccoën Group.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February, 21.—GLADSTONE back again to-day after strategic absence during inconvenient debate on



"Any Age you like."

Address. Full of life and health and spirits. Met HENRAGE cruising about the Lobby, looking more indefinite than ever as to his age. Found HARTINGTON and CHAMBERLAIN on the Front Bench. Came up so briskly a moment's apprehension that he meant to chey them off. On the contrary, shook hands with them cordially. In fact beaming with benevolence all round. So affected GOSCHEN that, making his first speech from Tory Treasury Bench, he was full of tender allusions to "my Right Hon. friend the Member for Midlothian." Not since poor NORTHGOTE was here has the House heard this style of address bandied across the table. GLADSTONE himself didn't use it with reference to GOSCHEN; but GOSCHEN made up the average of frequency.

In the seraphic humour which enveloped his spirit, GLADSTONE would not say a hard thing of the Ministry. At the same time (certainly *en parenthèse*) he brought out curious position of affairs. Last time Closure before the House, Conservatives opposed it tooth and nail. It was the end of freedom of speech. It was the gagging of Parliament; and RANDOLPH and the rest of them, for once in unison with SMITH, GRAND CROSS, and NORTHGOTE,

would die on the floor of the House rather than agree to it. Now the Conservatives as a Government were bringing it forward.

"After to-day's meeting at the Foreign Office," HARCOURT said, "I believe they have convinced themselves they were the authors of the proposal."

Should GLADSTONE, as Leader of the Opposition, dwell upon this embarrassing fact? Should he adopt the tactics of the Conservative Opposition in 1882? Perish the thought! "He would do everything he could to help the Government to make the New Rules of Procedure effective."

W. H. SMITH deeply affected. A sob passed along the Treasury Bench, and died away in a remote corner below Gangway, where

CAVENDISH-BENTINCK sat. A beautiful and a touching scene! a little marred later when HARCOURT bustled to the front, belaboured the guileless GOSCHEN, and brought up the retaliatory RAIKES. Finishing touch given to proceedings when RAIKES commended for general adoption by the House the calm and fair spirit manifested by PARNELL. Can't say that business much advanced; but delightful and soothing to be present on such a night.

Business done.—Closure Resolution moved.

Tuesday.—DERBY entered precincts of House of Lords to-night, with that firmly pressed on brow, lips pursed, and general air of determination to do some grave thing. Followed him, to see what



Lord D-rby.

was up. House nearly empty. Peers still nothing to do. Some half-dozen look in casually, sit five or ten minutes, and so home. To those assembled, DERBY opened his Budget. Appears that India, thrice blessed with stars, and gun-firing, and banquets, on account of Jubilee, is to have 25,000 criminals let loose upon it, in further recognition of the joyful event. DERBY thinks honest people won't like this. Grand Cross assures him nothing would please them better. So says LYTTON. Ditto says RIFON, and DERBY goes home, musing on these things. Fancy matter will not rest here.

"Why should England wait?" DERBY asks. "We have our Jubilee; why not have our Criminals?"

DERBY tells me he was led to take up matter by the receipt of petition signed "Missis SIKES." Son BILL in trouble again, with many other family connections and acquaintances. Missis SIKES wants to know why Oriental custom shouldn't be extended in their favour? Petition to that end now being extensively signed. Influential Committee meets daily at Skeleton Key, Seven Dials, where

petition lies for mark. DERBY tells me this as we stroll together across to House of Commons.

"What is Jubilee for the Goose, should be Jubilee for the Gander," he says, in his sententious way. "We don't have Jubilee every year. No reason why its attendant privileges should be confined to India." Interesting

moment in Commons. CLARK has just asked question with respect to dinner provided for Northern Lights Commissioners and Bill sent in to Treasury. Such a bill! Forty-seven guests; meats at the rate of 30s. a-head. Illimitable Steinberg Cabinet at 30s. per bottle, innumerable Pommery £1 per bottle, 1834 port, 1864 Château Lafitte, and so on. Ninety-six bottles choicest, most excellent wine amongst forty-seven of us! Hardly hear the question put for smacking of lips on Benches to right and left of SPEAKER. Secretary to Board of Trade, to whom question addressed, heard to exclaim in languishing tones, "That's the Diet for Worms."

After this everything flat. Members free from the Whips went off to dine on such poor fare as London affords. Ministers and others condemned to dine in the House dallied with their cut from the joint, sipped their one-and-sixpenny claret, and thought dreamily of the

"That's the Diet for Worms." Northern Lights, the twelve bottles Steinberg Cabinet 1868, the twenty-four bottles Pommery and Greno 1874, and the three bottles of port 1834, round which they genially twinkled. Business done.—More debate on Closure.

Thursday.—House to-night dull, and respectable. Attendance small, and no fireworks. Got into discussion on a batch of Amendments to Closure Rule. Talk goes forward as quietly and monotonously as if we were discussing hypotheses. PARNELL takes leading part in criticising measure proposed, and stamps discussion with his most placid manner. JOSEPH GILLIS always makes a point of doing honour to his Chief by being present whilst he speaks. But cannot withstand somnolent influence of the hour. Softly sleeps, waking up occasionally to cry "Hear, hear!" or "No, no!" according as he recognises, by the voice of the speaker, whether he is in favour of PARNELL's Amendment, or against it.

"This is all very well, TOBY," the benevolent old gentleman says, with a yawn. "I don't mind a turn of sleeping about this hour, being accustomed to get to bed early when Imperial politics isn't to the fore. But do you mind the times we had in the Autumn Session when me noble friend RANDOLPH sat below me, where ye're sitting now, so as to be convenient for talking things over with me and TIM HEALY? D'ye mind the long speeches, the divisions on every line, the motions for adjournment, the blayguarding of GLADSTONE, and the sureness of us all the Constitution would be ripped up when



A Bard.

Closure passed? And now there's me noble friend run away to

Algiers to get out of the way, and here's SMITH and HICKS-BEACH and the rest of 'em turned round forcing the Closure down our throats, so to speak. It's a haythen world, TOM, and if we couldn't get a turn of sleep occasionally where should we be?"

Business done.—Debate on Closure.

Friday.—No one thinking of SCLATER-BOOTH when he rose just now from a back Bench behind Ministers. "Here, high and dry, he has been cast, like a piece of seaweed after a storm." (That's OSBORNE MORGAN's way of putting it. OSBORNE MORGAN is, I believe, a Bard in his own country, and sometimes drops into poetry in ours.) SCLATER-BOOTH not at all like a piece of seaweed. High in manner of the magisterial order, he has truly been, and always dry. True, also, that he is stranded as far as the tide setting in for office is concerned. Not the sort of man of which even Conservatives make Ministers to-day, though highly popular at one time. RANDOLPH has changed all that. With RANDOLPH's rising sun, the SCLATER-BOOTH orb has gradually sunk, and is finally set. (The Bard again.) Has accepted his fate without public complaint; only to-night, seeing his opportunity, snapped at it. Not prepared, he said, for such betrayal of voracious appetite for the Closure on part of Ministers. Five of them sat with him on Committee last year, and they then displayed no such voracity. Talking of appetite reminded SCLATER-BOOTH that it was dinner-time. So, having fired this shot, he marched out of House, leaving his former colleagues voracious, but not ashamed. *Business done.*—Debate on Closure.

THE BALLAD OF THE BROKEN BARONET.

FITZ-JOYNS at his breakfast sat, late-risen from his bed,
Fitz-Joy's of the ample purse, large heart, and empty head;



And by him was the Baronet,
whose friendship was the crown
Of all the simple triumphs of his
short career in town.

But wan and wrinkled was his cheek, un-
kempt his hair to-day,
Where watchful time had cleft the dye with a
great gash of grey,
And open-mouthed FITZ-JOYNS sat,
like one who doth not know,

While thus the Baronet spake on, with husky voice and low:—

"Last night you saw me *point de vice*, in fashion's nicest mould;
A shrivelled husk of self-respect this morning you behold,
Who'd gladly take his leave of life, and, if you have it handy,
A dash of seltzer-water in a claret-glass of brandy.

"I told you that the wine we drank—and fast your praises ran—
Was a sort of Indian sherry from the Isles of Andaman;
I don't believe the vine would grow precisely in that zone.
The wine was made in Bermondsey—a vintage quite my own.

"Now for awhile the moral scales have fallen from my eyes,
The hot remorse of 'coppers' melts the adamant of lies;
And hear, FITZ-JOYNS, while I sketch, succinctly as I can,
The *facilis descensus* of a shifty gentleman.

"Well-born, well-bred, I launched in life with dreams of a career
That need not owe to favour what it ne'er should lose by fear;
But weighted with the poet-pow'r that sways imagined scenes,
And high desires that could not brook the limit of my means.

"Above Suspicion I had made the motto of my life;
With mutual credit I'd have run away with CÆSAR's wife;
And shady things, as done by me, a Cato might disarm,
Their very shadiness acquired a cool and mystic charm.

"And with the best I ruffled it in Town and Camp and Court,
Till here a horse and there a card those halcyon days cut short;
But, calm in all contingencies, 'twere false to say I fell.
I rather changed with frequency my Social Parallel.

"Barr'd by involuntary schemes from mixing with my peers,
I found kind hearts and simple faith in friends of humbler spheres;

And oh, be sure you're downward bound when you begin to prize
The moral virtues of the friends whose manners you despise.

"There is a charm that lingers still about this social wreck,
Fair flow'rs of speech and courtly blooms the corpse of honour deck,
And so permissive are my ways, that, on the lowest ramp,
I half persuade myself that I am really not a scamp.

"I've dish'd, a high-horse Cavalier, the writer's soaring hope;
With Indian craft I've shot the moon on the pacific slope;
By force or fraud to one and all the destin'd moment came
To curse my charming manners and revile my ancient name.

"As waltz-worn spinsters closer cling to waning hopes of marriage,
As baby-laden ladies steer straight for a smoking-carriage,
As authors haunt the friend in need who reads their first romance,
So round the titled carcase flock the vultures of finance.

"What's in a name?' the poet asks. Well, I have found in mine
A standing tasting-order for all sorts of curious wine,
A round of brief Directorships on Companies, where need
Makes Baronets acquainted with strange boardfellows indeed;

"A passport to the vaguest Clubs of brotherhood complete,
Where booted Lords on common ground with Belted artists meet,
Where Lion cubs of comic strain accost the shady City,
And nothing much is known against a few of the Committee.

"But chiefly in exploiting wines I've shown my practis'd skill,
The Mithridates of the docks, impervious to ill,—
Yet deem not that the gentle tout can duly earn his bread
Unless above the face of brass he wear the flinty head.

"And mine, methought, were proof indeed. I've quaffed the live-
long day.

Huge flasks of Cipanesti in the small *trattoria*,
I've drunk Sauer Staut without a wink beside the Castled Rhine,
And whelmed the storied scene in floods of Baelnottterwein.

"I've sampled every deadly brand the chemic art can blend,
I've sampled them myself before I've tried them on a friend,
And weird Antipodean draughts, where all the headaches flee,
From bucketsful of happier growth, have wrought no ill to me.

"I've lived on Antowitz, which drives the rude Carinthian boor
To play tattoos with Alpenstocks upon his tutor's door;
One glass makes strong men swear eternal friendship to a stranger,
At two their dearest friend incurs considerable danger.

"And after these I did not dream that any draught could do
Such mischief as the Indian *brut* I tried to palm on you;
But that is past, and I have made what slight *amende* I can,
And told in brief the story of a shifty gentleman.

"That brandy's excellent of yours. It soon will set me right;
The potent spirit quite o'erorows the poison of last night;
And looking on the world again with a much clearer head,
I'd ask you to forget, dear boy, whatever I have said.

"But this remember, if you wish a shady thing to do,
Choose faults of which your world is prone to take a gentle view;
And don't revoke your Honour card, or you will come, like me,
To drift like a Social Phantom-ship on a Rank Outsider Sea!"

Important.

MR. GLADSTONE is going to reside for the season at Dollis-hill,
near Willesden. In honour of the advent of so great a lion, they are
going to alter the name to Willy's den.

"Music and Manners."

(In two Vols. by W. Beatty Kingston.)

CHAPMAN AND HALL'S KINGSTON! Tu terque quaterque BEATTY!
Qui book scripisti in two vols. and both of 'em chatty.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following question, which we think
must have been intended for the *Guardian*. "How ought the
Church Militant to be represented in a picture?" We answer that
the simplest form of expression would be a portrait of the Vicar-
General in full regimentals.

MANNERS.—In the dining-room of respectable society it is not
considered correct to put your fingers into the plate before you. But
at church, into the plate that is set before you, all are expected to
put their alms.

FROM the report of the "High Rip Gang" case, it appears that at
Liverpool when you want a Policeman you must—whistle for him.
Is the rule very different in London?



THE DEAD SEASON.

(Showing how to be "In it" is to be "Out of it.")

Snobbington. "TOWN SEEMS MORE DESERTED THAN EVER, DON'T IT, MISS MASHAM!"

Miss Masham. "QUITE. I'VE BEEN UP TO THE TOP AND BACK AGAIN FIVE TIMES—THERE'S POSITIVELY NOT A SOUL IN THE ROW!"

EARLY CLOSING.

FROM THE IDEAL POINT OF VIEW.

Over-worked Shopmen and Shopwomen. Oh! when will this misery end? We have been toiling since seven this morning, and now, after thirteen weary hours of never-ceasing labour, we are called upon for more! Ah! who will rescue us?

Bloated Aristocrat (entering). You cry for help in vain! Now, slaves, let me see a sample of any article that I don't want.

The Over-worked Ones. Gentle Sir, have pity on us! See, Sir, we faint.

Bloated Aristocrat. Know, that no one can dispute my right to keep you working behind the counter until the chimes of midnight.

Over-worked Ones. Oh, mercy, mercy! Who will save us!

Sir John Lubbock (flourishing Shop Hours Bill). I will! Close the Establishment at once!

Over-worked Ones. Saved! Saved! Saved! [Scene closes.]

FROM THE REAL POINT OF VIEW.

First Coster. Now then, buy, buy, buy! 'Ere you are. Now's your time for making a bargain. Come, who will buy?

First Artisan. Well, I will. Couldn't get 'ere before, 'cos my work wasn't done. The Missus said as how I was to buy—

[Enters into particulars.]

Artisan's Wife. Well, I must say this is the time for shopping. After I've put the children to bed, I find my mind easy for doing my bargains.

Shopman. Now then, look out! Here they all are, very fine and large! Make haste about buying 'em, as I haven't sold one all day. And now 's the time for getting a little profit to pay the rent.

Artisan's Wife. Ah! I know you are open early and late, but you see it's such a convenience to come at the end of the day, after one's done one's bit of work. Well, they do say that the shops and costers will be closed soon at eight o'clock.

All. Eight o'clock! Why, who'd do that?

Sir John Lubbock. I would! See here my warranty! (Produces

Shop Hours Bill.) I order you, in the QUEEN'S name, to close this establishment.

All (indignantly). Shut up yourself! You be blown!

[Scene closes in upon the discomfiture of well-meaning but too fussy philanthropist.]

THE MODERN SINTRAM AND HIS COMPANION.

A Fragment freely adapted from *De la Motte Fouquet*.

BUT ever in the rear, now seeming somewhat shrunken, but anon swelling to terrible size, lurked, marked or unmarked, persistent as a sleuth-hound on the trail, that boding figure of the diverse names, in whom was concentrated the Ruler's latest fear.

"Give thyself up to me!" screamed his fearsome follower. "What can Blood and Iron in one stout heart, on one stalwart frame, finally effect against Legion?"

But the voice, though strange and threatening, as the voice of many and troublous waters, shook not the purpose of the stern and strong-willed Knight. It seemed to him as if Peace, secure in mailed majesty, were rising before him, and a world of confusion dragging him back with a deadly grasp.

"I command thee, wild form that followest me," he cried, "to cease from thy people-seducing words, and to call thyself by that name by which thou art recorded in the red pages of History,—the name of the arch-fiend Anarchy!"

A cry, more fearful than a thunderclap, burst half-despairingly, half-threateningly from the lips of the Tempter, and he fell yet further to the rear.

The Knight braced himself firmly in his saddle, shouldered his lance confidently, and lifted an undaunted brow, as one now secure of triumph. He urged on his noble steed, which now obeyed his master willingly and gladly, and the faithful dog also ran beside him fearlessly. The valley was passed, and in front of SINTRAM there floated the bright morning cloud, herald of Light and of Victory.



THE KNIGHT AND HIS COMPANION.

(Suggested by Albert Dürer's famous picture.)



MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

In the following narratives, which differ considerably from the usually accepted versions, it is hoped that the extraordinary force of the *Moral* will make up for any lack of incident and adventure. By constantly acting on the example offered by the characters of "Mr. Punch's Moral Fairy Tales," the young may hope to attain a peaceful and prosperous old age, after an uneventful, if undistinguished career. For this reason, *Mr. Punch* has every confidence in recommending his stories to be used in all nurseries and school-rooms, and in the lower forms in our public schools.

I.—BLUE-BEARD.

There once lived a gentleman of great wealth, but remarkable alike for the strangeness of his appearance and the unmerited misfortune of his domestic circumstances. He had fine houses both in town and country, and a deal of silver and gold plate, and embroidered furniture, and coaches gilded all over with gold. But he had also a Blue Beard, and he had buried, in the most lavish style, no less than thirty-seven wives.

Such a man, you may think, did not easily find a wife, as his beard proved unattractive, and it was considered that his town and country houses must be inadequately provided with sanitary appliances.

In spite of these drawbacks, BLUE-BEARD (as the gentleman was called) was led, for the thirty-eighth time, to the altar, by a young lady of great beauty and prudence, but of scanty dower.

About a month after the marriage, BLUE-BEARD said to his wife, "My dear, business



BLUE-BEARD IN THE NURSERY.

affairs call me abroad. Make good cheer in my absence. Here are the keys of all my great wardrobes, my plate-chests, and my safe-rooms! But, for this little key here, it is the key of the closet at the end of the great gallery on the ground floor. Open all except that little closet, in which I forbid you to look." He then embraced her, and went on his journey.

His wife now very carefully looked up the little key of the secret closet in her jewel-case, and passed the time of her husband's absence in longing for his return and reading good books. When BLUE-BEARD came back, before he was expected, he asked for his keys.

"What!" said he, "is not the key of my closet among the rest?"

"Indeed," she said, "I thought it much safer in my jewel-box." And, immediately bringing it, he closely examined it, and found it had not been used.

"Best of wives!" said BLUE-BEARD, "with you I may hope to live long and happily, secure in the affections of a woman who despises curiosity. My System is at last successful!"

Nor were BLUE-BEARD's hopes disappointed. They lived, envied and admired, till the extreme limit of human existence, and it was not till the house was being repaired, after their death in each other's arms, that the mortal remains of thirty-seven previous wives were discovered in the closet at the end of the gallery on the ground floor.

Moral.—Do as you are bid, and don't ask questions.

HOW TO PRESERVE THE PALACE.

To the Editor of the T-m-s.

SIR,—There can be but one cause of the failure of the Crystal Palace to attract visitors. Have you ever noticed the quality of buns supplied at some of the refreshment-bars? Stale buns, and a shocking paucity of currants, are the real raisins for paucity of visitors.

Yours,

BUNTHORPE.

SIR,—The charges brought against the Crystal Palace buns are most *unmanly*. How, I ask, can "BUNTHORPE" expect us to keep a daily supply of fresh buns when there are no visitors to eat them? As to paucity of currants, this is due to the little boys picking them off when the custodian's back is turned, a thing which it is impossible wholly to guard against. In this way a bun *will* lose most of its currants in the course of a few weeks; but it is most unfair to blame

Yours indignantly,

THE FOURTH-CLASS REFRESHMENT-STALL KEEPER.

SIR,—I am delighted to see this correspondence about the Sydenham Palace. It will never do to let the glorious grounds be swallowed up by the brick-and-mortar demon. What is wanted is to have no end of military tournaments and displays of that kind. Why not act *Ivanhoe* and the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche in front of the fountains? That's *joust* the way to please visitors. In order to assist, I would propose that one or two regiments should be quartered in Penge; and you may depend upon it that the inhabitants would not object to having their quarter's rent paid in this way. At the same time let the Directors keep up the Concerts and Oratorios! *HANDEL* at one end of the building—cutting off the Turk's head at the other; there's my ideal! By introducing tent-pegging, and pegging away at the music, the public is safe to be attracted.

Yours enthusiastically,

HIPPODROMIO.

SIR,—There is no doubt that the Palace is a National Institution, and as such should be supported by the nation. The plan that I would venture to suggest for adoption is that no public entertainment of any kind should for the future take place either within the building or in the grounds, but that a series of State-aided *fêtes* be at once organised, to which only the original financial patrons of the place, and their families and friends, should be admitted. Then, if the Government were to guarantee a dividend at the rate of fifteen per cent., I think that the arrangement would satisfy the claims of justice. It would also satisfy

Yours truly,

DEBENTURE-HOLDER.

SIR,—What's all this humbug about keeping the Palace Grounds as an "open space"? Aren't the streets open enough, I should like to know? Let those who like green fields go into the country—there are plenty of fields beyond Croydon, ten miles away. To hear the constant attacks on "bricks and mortar" is really most mortifying to

Yours trowelly,

JEREMIAH B'ILLDA.

BOATING AFTER CHURCH-TIME.

MR. PUNCH praises "GEORGE" Ranger, the First Commissioner, and the Secretary, who rejoices in being the namesake of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, for their act and deed, but not for the language in which



their kind permission for boating in the Parks on Sunday was conveyed to the Public. What Pharisaical trash to be so mighty particular as to whether the boaters have been to "a place of worship" before coming on to the Serpentine and other ornamental water or not. And what on earth, or water, can it matter to "GEORGE" Ranger, Mr. DAVID PLUNKET, and the primmest of PRIMMOSES, whether 'ARRY boats, or goes to a place of wash-up (which would improve some of them a bit) in the afternoon! However, we rejoice in the permission, and consider it as wet-nursing the Public in the proper spirit.



THE PENNY TOYS.

Street Vender (to Nervous Old Gentleman, who has a horror of Reptiles) "THEY ALL ON 'EM JUMPS, M'UN! ONLY A——" [So did the Old Lady.]

EDUCATION MADE EASY. No. 1.

Police Court, City, 2 P.M.—Mr. Alderman BUNCOMBE, presiding.
Present, the British Public generally, Police Constables, and Reporters.

The Alderman (to the Chief Clerk). Anything more to-day?
Clerk. Only the Education Summonses, Sir.

Alderman. How many?

Clerk. Only fifty, Sir.

Alderman. The number does not seem to fall off.

Clerk. Oh no, Sir, quite the reverse. You see, Sir, they have got a number of new standards, and new rules.

Alderman. Rules of Procedure—the School Board don't spend so much time over there, as they do in another place.

Clerk. Indeed, they do not, Sir. (To the Officer.) Call JOHN THOMAS.

A poor Woman comes forward leading a little Girl.

Severe School-Board Officer (to Alderman). May it please your Worship, this is a bad case. The defendant's daughter, JANE, has not been to school for two months, and only passed the Fifth Standard.

Alderman. How old is the girl?

Severe Officer. Twelve, Sir, last birthday.

Alderman. Well, Mrs. THOMAS, what do you say? Why doesn't your girl go to school?

Mrs. Thomas. Ax the School Board Man, your Honor. He knows as well as I do, that the child hasn't a pair of boots to her feet, and if that ain't a good reason in this 'ere foggy weather, with a East wind blowing, I'm blessed if I know what is. (Looks round the Court for sympathy, and gets it.)

Alderman. No boots. 'Um! (Hopes that this will give him a chance of not enforcing the penalties. To Chief Clerk.) Is that an excuse under the Act?

Clerk. Nothing about boots, Sir, in the Act.

Alderman (sighing sotto voce, then trying to appear as magisterial as possible). My good woman, you hear what the law is. You must either send the girl to school or be fined.

Mrs. Thomas. I won't send her to school, and I won't pay no fine. (Murmurs of applause, in which the worthy Alderman inwardly joins, but which are immediately suppressed.) Look you 'ere, your Worship, my old man has been out of work since afore Christmas.

And there's GWENDALENE JEMIMAR just cum out of fever 'ospital, and little MABEL 'as the mumps so bad—her cheeks, saving your Honor's Worship, amost as swollen as yourn—

Alderman (trying to make things as agreeable as possible). Take care, Mrs. THOMAS, if you say I am full of cheek, it might be contempt of Court. (Much laughter, in which the Police-constables, the Reporters, and the British Public generally, with the exception of Mrs. Thomas and the Severe Officer, join.)

Severe S.-B. O. (more severely than ever). The last time this girl attended school, she did not bring the fee, and of course was not admitted.

Alderman (hopelessly to Chief Clerk). I suppose the school fee must be brought. Isn't that one of the new "Rules of Procedure?"

Clerk. That is so, I believe.

Alderman (nettled). But there is nothing in the new rules about boots. The child may come without boots, but not without the fee.

Severe School-Board Officer (implacably). That is so, your Worship.

Alderman (politely, to Prisoner). Well, Mrs. THOMAS, you hear what the law is; the fee must be paid, boots or no boots.

Mrs. Thomas (savagely). And so we did pay the fee quite reglar so long as my old man was in work. But if you tell us how to pay twopence a week out of nothing at all a week, I'd just like to know. They learn many things at School Board, but will they learn us that?

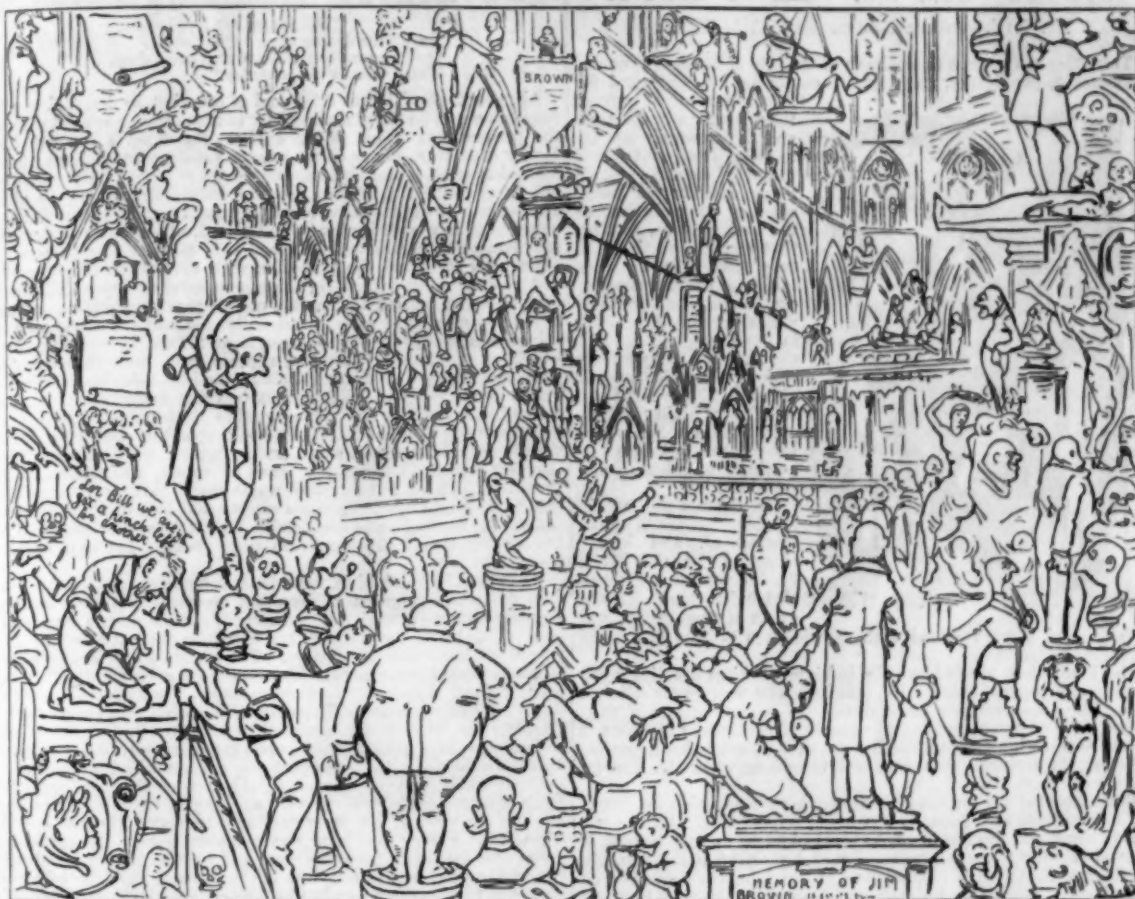
(Looks round defiantly. Murmurs of applause, in which the Alderman again joins inwardly, but which are immediately suppressed.)

Severe School-Board Officer (in his hardest practical manner, to Prisoner). You might apply to have the school-fee remitted.

Mrs. Thomas (indignantly). And didn't I just go to School Board a purpose? And didn't I stand outside, if the snow, waiting my turn till School-Board man comes out and says no more would be heard that day? (Severe School-Board Officer, still implacable. Alderman eyes him askance. Mrs. Thomas concludes, loudly and bitterly.) And so I loses my day's wage, and goes home dripping wet, an', you may lay your life, blessing School Board at every step. [Applause as before.]

Alderman (warmly). I don't doubt it. (Remembers that he is compelled to administer the law as he finds it. Magisterially.) But I am obliged to tell you that the child must go to school, or your husband must go to prison. However (delighted to think that there is still an alternative left him), I will allow you a fortnight to make up your mind what you will do. (Mrs. Thomas, about to speak, is handed out.) Call on next case.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 48.



"WITHIN THE ABBEY WALLS."

"WITHIN the Abbey Walls!" This certainly, as the Poet puts it, to English ears at least, is:—

"The pregnant phrase
That tells of Fame who holds her golden bay,
And here, at length life's battle bravely won,
Enshrines the name of each heroic son!"

The Fame, however, who has in past times given her cachet of admission to the Abbey has to judge, from the crowd of celebrated nobodies, whose memorial tablets crowd its ancient walls, not proved herself a very discriminating goddess in her day. On the contrary, she seems to have let in "the butcher, the baker, and candlestick maker," in the shape of a heap of ephemeral notoriety, who strutted for a little space across life's scene in their own immediate times, a performance for which their injudicious relatives and friends have apparently deemed them fitting objects for the admiration of their remotest posterity. Perhaps not latterly have things been as bad, but certainly the last century has a great deal to answer for, and the rush made in it by second and third-rate notabilities for immortality seems to have been quite unique. It has been boldly proposed to make a clean sweep of these last, and turn them bodily out, and both on artistic and historic grounds, it would seem desirable, for not only was the taste of the period in monumental architecture execrable, but the monuments themselves have been, in nine cases out of ten, raised to the memory of individuals whose names in any connection with their country's annals whatever, have never even been heard of by educated Englishmen of the present day. It is difficult, however, to say what can be done with them. They can hardly be relegated to the Embankment. Room might be found for them in the neighbouring Aquarium.

Anyhow, if space already occupied cannot be easily cleared, what is still left can at least be jealously preserved, and the claims of all future candidates for the national honour of mingling their dust with that of the mighty dead, who rest "within the Abbey walls,"

be rigorously scrutinised. Otherwise we shall soon have our really great men, as soon as they are departed, left out in the cold, and literally "going around" begging to find a fitting place of sepulture. Let the Dean then keep his weather eye open.

ONE OF ALLSOPP'S FABLES.
(Illustrated.)

New Design for Trade Mark, which ought to have been sent with the "Letters of Regret."

THE best introduction to the study of the Metric System is to read NEWMAN'S Grammar of A Cent.

"Our Own Celestial."

News from China in the *Times* of Friday last, told us that "Lo, the head of a wealthy Christian family at Sze-Chuen, has been executed in spite of the remonstrance of the French Minister,"—and apparently without a word from Bob Lo, our distinguished Mandarin SHEER-BROOKE.

THE AMBLESIDE QUESTION IN A NUTSHELL.—Everybody admits that the Ambleside district is at present an Arcadia. Mr. LOWTHER thinks that a railway and its customary concomitants will improve it. The question the public has to decide, then, is, "Arcadia, or Lowther Arcadia?" Mr. *Punch* votes for the former.

"THE Turning Point" in a Revolutionary Street Riot is—The Bayonet's.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XIX.—JOSEPH PODLER, Esq., C.C., H.M.L.

THE office of Common Councilman of the City of London, is one of considerable importance, and ought to obtain for its possessor a far



larger amount of respect than is generally the case, and the reason is not far to seek. It necessitates, if properly carried out, a large sacrifice of time, more or less valuable, as the case may be, and for that sacrifice of time the only reward is the partaking of certain sumptuous banquets, accounts of which are duly chronicled in the Press, and read by the hungry constituents with a considerable amount of envy. They are not too, as a body, highly distinguished in Art, Science, or Literature, but are an useful, harmless, and amusing race.

Mr. PODLER was an old inhabitant of the Ward he represented, and highly respected by the Ward Beadle, who almost trembled before him. He was a man of great energy and

decision, and never troubled with any feelings of what he called ridiculous sentiment.

The Town Clerk himself had him in his mind when deciding upon some knotty point of order. The Solicitor, wise man, never solicited him. The Remembrancer never thought of reminding him of anything. The Comptroller no more thought of controlling him than a mouse would think of controlling a cat, and even the Recorder, recorded his decisions with fear and trembling when Mr. PODLER had his eye upon him.

Most punctual of Common Councilmen, his attendance upon Courts and Committees, and Dinners, was an example to all. Always the first to come, and the last to go, he was looked up to with respect as a model of what a representative should be. Even at the monthly meetings of the Court of Lieutenancy, of which he was a Member, he was a regular attendant, and had even been known on more than one occasion to actually ask the meaning of some mysterious matter connected with the great City mystery known as the Trophy Tax.

The possession of the much-coveted honour of a Lieutenant of the City of London—a distinction which he owed to the favour of a remarkably timid Lord Mayor—conferred upon him the title of "Esquire," he having been addressed by Her Most Gracious MAJESTY, when she issued her Royal Commission, as "Our trusty and well-beloved JOSEPH PODLER, Esq." It also entitled him to the remarkable privilege of adding to his name the letters "H.M.L." which privilege was the more appreciated as probably not one in a thousand of Her Majesty's loyal subjects knew what they meant. But, far above all, it obtained for him a place in that book which, although termed by some envious and disappointed persons the "Snobs' Bible," is the volume, above all others, in which members of what may very properly be termed the middling classes long to appear. Need we say we allude to the *Handbook to the Upper Ten Thousand*?

Upon his appointment a copy of the forthcoming edition was immediately ordered, and, on its arrival, placed on the drawing-room table, and a book-marker showed to the curious reader the page upon which was inscribed, among Dukes, Marquises, Bishops, and the *élite* of the land, "PODLER, JOSEPH, one of H.M.'s Lieutenants for the City of London." To hear Mr. PODLER in the Court of Common Council on a regular field-day, not merely advising this or suggesting that, but telling his hearers in plain and unmistakable language what they must do, and overwhelming with his biting sarcasm any rash member who ventured to differ from him, who would have suspected that the reason for his punctual and lengthened attendances, upon all and every occasion, was the thought of what awaited him in his cheerless home. And why? Ah! there is generally a bit of mystery in most men's lives that they would not like to have unravelled, even in the apparently monotonous life of a Common Councilman. And so it was with that of JOSEPH PODLER, Esq., C.C. and H.M.L. His wife was a small, spare woman, with a fearfully shrill voice, and ever since a certain discovery of a certain document, the history of which had never been satisfactorily explained, she had been devoured by gnawing jealousy. It might have been said of her that from the day of the discovery,

factorily explained, she had been devoured by gnawing jealousy. It might have been said of her that from the day of the discovery,

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou ow'st yesterday."

Ah, poor fellow! it was often said of him that he deserved no pity from others, as he never showed pity to man, woman or child when in the performance of his public duties. But what a life was his! Plenty of honour, plenty of that fierce public contest in which his somewhat small soul delighted, and plenty of luxury during the day, but always with the feeling, growing hourly stronger as the night approached, of the sort of welcome he might expect in his childless home. See him seated, always well placed, at one of those magnificent Banquets, of which the old and still popular City Corporation has so well preserved the tradition, with every luxury that wealth and good taste can furnish for the enjoyment of the assembled guests, with beautiful women and famous men to give an additional interest to the gay scene, and with, occasionally, the sound of music with its voluptuous swell, to make the enjoyment refined as well as perfect, which, of the hundreds present, appears to be more thoroughly at home and happy than JOSEPH PODLER, and he holds his own in the well relished jests and brilliant repartees that flash around him. But watch him when the festival approaches its termination, and when the depressing thought will force itself upon him that it is nearly time to quit this brilliant scene, and go home! Such a home! That sleepless woman, nursing her sense of wrong, awaits him at his threshold. There is no honest watch-dog's bark to welcome him home; no bright eye to greet his coming and look brighter when he comes, but the same cold unalterable look of weary waiting, that he has known almost nightly for so many years. Let us change the scene.

He is the Chairman of an important Committee appointed to conduct the proceedings on a very great occasion. He has worked as a public man must work who voluntarily accepts such a responsible position, and has scarcely seen his home for the last fortnight. At length the important day arrives. The manifold arrangements have all been eminently successful. The scene in the noble old Guildhall has been brilliant as upon any previous example. The leaders of fashion at the West End have agreed to patronise the affair, and the assembled company has been as distinguished as numerous. Congratulations without end have been showered upon the successful Chairman, who, for once in his long life, looks perfectly radiant with his success.

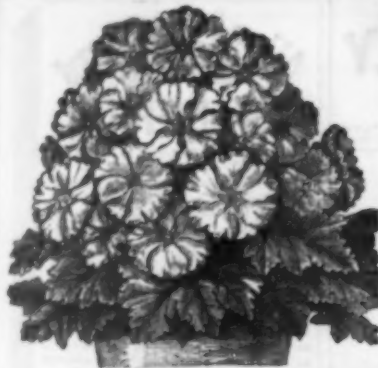
To crown all, he is introduced to the hero of the evening by the LORD MAYOR, and is received with such marked cordiality as makes him the observed of all observers, and he leaves the scene of his triumph at a very late hour and proceeds home. His old feeling comes over him as he opens his door, and his first look at the ghastly face of his old domestic tells him but too surely that the cold grey eyes that have so often awaited his return, are closed for ever. He enters the silent chamber, locks the door, and remains there for hours.

Some months have flown by, during which Mr. PODLER has been unusually quiet. But on one of those quarterly occasions that the Court of Common Council dedicates to the consideration of petitions from all sorts and conditions of people, for the relief of all the many ills that flesh is heir to, including among them that of poverty, especially if caused by misfortune rather than fault, a poor widow appeared at the Bar of the Court, petitioning for some small annuity to enable her to bring up her four children, left dependent upon her by the sudden death of her husband, who had been for many years in the service of the Corporation, when a member of the Court who had on many occasions warmly supported Mr. PODLER in his denunciations of these applications, as creating bad precedents, and inducing men to forget the duty of providing for their offspring, moved that the application be not granted; upon which Mr. PODLER started up, and in a speech full of generous Christian charity, and delivered with an amount of enthusiasm that electrified his audience, begged and entreated the Court to remember the noble character for wisely-directed benevolence they had so long enjoyed, and to treat this poor widow and her orphan children as they would wish that theirs should be treated under similar sad circumstances. The utter astonishment of the members may be easily imagined; and the poor widow went away calling down blessings on the head of her kind unknown friend.

From that memorable day the whole character of Mr. PODLER became changed; and while still devoting himself heartily to his public work, his hard heart seemed to have become softened, and his manner friendly and even genial. He adopted two of the orphan children of a distant relative, and now nothing but duty keeps him long from his happy home; and among the whole two hundred and thirty members of the City Corporation there is probably scarcely one who leads a happier or more thoroughly useful life than JOSEPH PODLER, Esq., C.C. and H.M.L.

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